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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mazeppa, a Poem. By Lord Byron.
London. 1819. 8vo. pp. 69.

Having anticipated the story of *Mazeppa* from the *Histoire des Cosaques*, in our publication of June 12, we have now nothing to detain us from the poem which Lord Byron has given to the world on that subject. The noble author's estimation as a man of genius and a poet, is not to be decided by any new work which he may choose to put forth, and perhaps it is well for him to be so firmly established in his station on Parnassus, before he ventures to sport his fame upon performances such as this, which may be reckoned a light amour with a muse, but is destitute of the vigorous character of true love and the deep glowing of legitimate affection.

Critics are but reapers in the fields of literature: we put our sickle into every man's corn, and bind up our sheaf of the produce of others. The golden grain and the chaff, the harvesting for the barn, and the stubble for consuming fire, are presented to us with equal pretensions, and we are conscious of at once the delicacy and the difficulty which attend the task of fairly appreciating their relative value, and separating the sterling from the worthless. Where opinions are so various, no judgment can be infallible; but we take pride in saying, that in the *Literary Gazette* impartiality is at least the ruling principle, and therefore we claim indulgence, even for its errors, as they are honest. We deem this prelude necessary, because we are compelled to speak of *Mazeppa* as of an indifferent composition; far below the level of Lord Byron's reputation, and such, had not his name been on the title-page, as might have been attributed to other Lords who have honored the fraternity of scribblers, by setting their coronets on the binding, and their minds on the manufacture, of volumes in verse in these our days. Peers had sometimes better write as well as vote by proxy:—but for *Mazeppa*. The author seems to us to have lost much of his large command of the English language; and we should

VOL. III.

not be surprized that such, to a certain degree, were the effect of a residence abroad, where the ear becomes accustomed to foreign accents, and the imagination to a foreign style; and those fresh and definite impressions in which the essence of poetry consists, become gradually, though imperceptibly, less distinct, till they are entirely defaced. A single bad rhyme, or a solitary expletive, we should mark as a blemish in a bard like Lord Byron; and *Mazeppa* has several bad rhymes, and many poor expletives. Nor does it possess Childe Harold's vigor of intellect, powerful delineation of character, deep tone of morbid passion, or interest of adventure, to atone for its defects: written in a humour between grave and gay, neither tragic nor comic, a mule and mongrel between Beppo and the Bride of Abydos:—in these lines, Charles XII. ceases to be a hero, and the hardy god-father of the tale is little better than a gossip. A few dashing touches will occur in our extracts; but we fear that the whole of our selections must too decidedly confirm our sentence upon the least excellent of the noble author's works, since the era of his "minor" poems.

Mazeppa opens thus:

'Twas after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the Royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain vot'ries, men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.

Charles and his followers, including *Mazeppa*, repose in a wood, after a long, toilsome, and dangerous flight and the early history of the venerable Cossack, is introduced by the king's addressing him as follows:

—'Of all our band,
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
In skirmish, march, or forage, none
Can less have said or more have done
Than thee, *Mazeppa*! On the earth
So fit a pair had never birth,

Since Alexander's days till now,
As thy Bucephalus and thou:
All Scythia's fame to thine should yield
For pricking on o'er flood and field.'
Mazeppa answer'd, 'I'll betide
The school wherein I learn'd to ride!
Quoth Charles—'Old Hetman, wherefore so,
Since thou hast learn'd the art so well?'
Mazeppa said—'Twere long to tell;
And we may have many a league to go
With every now and then a blow,
And ten to one at least, the foe,
Before our steeds may graze at ease
Beyond the swift Borysthenes;
And, sire, your limbs have need of rest,
And I will be the sentinel
Of this your troop.'—'But I request,'
Said Sweden's monarch, 'thou wilt tell
This tale of thine, and I may reap,
Perchance, from this the boon of sleep;
For at this moment from my eyes
The hope of present slumber flies.'

The Hetman accordingly gives an account of his intrigue with the wife of a Polish nobleman, of its discovery, and of his being tied to a wild horse, which flies with him over deserts, rivers, and forests, till exhausted it dies, and he is providentially saved by a horde of Cossacks, whose chief he afterwards becomes. Before copying any part of this, we may be allowed to glance back a little on our last quotation, which seems to us to be quite prosaic, destitute of one good thought, except the neat hit at *Mazeppa*'s riding school. Let us look at it out of shapely lines.

"Of all our band," (says the king,) though firm of heart and strong of hand, none can have said less or have done more, in skirmish, march, or forage (i. e. foraging party) than thee, (thou) *Mazeppa*. Since Alexander's days till now, so fit a pair as thou and thy Bucephalus never had birth [such a man and horse were never born:] all Scythia's fame, for pricking on o'er flood and field, should yield to thine," &c. &c. Then "*Mazeppa* answered," and "quoth Charles," and "*Mazeppa* said," all in five lines—is not *poetical*! The last four lines are not only prosaic, but absurd; "*present slumber*" flying from any one's eyes; "*at this moment*," is worse than pleonasm, for the expression is ridiculous.

The Hetman's ensuing description of the court of John Casimir at Warsaw, is rather doggerel; ex. gr.

And then he gave *prodigious fêtes*—
 All Warsaw gather'd round his gates
 To gaze upon his splendid court,
 And dames, and chiefs, of princely port:
 He was the Polish Solomon—
 So sung his poets, all but one,
 Who, being unpension'd, made a satire,
 And boasted that he could not flatter.
 It was a court of jousts and mimes;
 Where ev'ry courtier tried at rhymes;
 Ev'n I for once produced some verses,
 And sign'd my odes Despairing Thyrsis.
 There was a certain Palatine,
 A count of far and high descent,
 Rich as a salt or silver mine;
 And he was proud, ye may divine,
 As if from heaven he had been sent:
 He had such wealth in blood and ore
 As few could match beneath the throne;
 And he would gaze upon his store,
 And o'er his pedigree would pore,
 Until by some confusion led,
 Which almost look'd like want of head,
 He thought their merits were his own.
 His wife was not of his opinion—
 His junior she by thirty years—
 Grew daily tired of his dominion;
 And, after wishes, hopes, and fears,
 To virtue a few farewell tears,
 A restless dream or two, some glances
 At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,
 Awaited but the usual chances,
 Those happy accidents which render
 The coldest dames so very tender,
 To deck her Count with titles given,
 'Tis said as passports into heaven;
 But strange to say, they rarely boast
 Of those who have deserved them most.

Lord Byron's intercourse with the sex
 may justify this libel upon married
 women; but we trust that the happiness
 of the majority of British husbands, is
 built upon surer bases than can be
 rightly discerned in the immoral clime
 of Venice, or among the Cavalieri Ser-
 vantes of degraded Italy, where pollu-
 tion instead of virtue crowns the mar-
 ried bed, and that which was designed
 for the purest felicity of mankind, is
 converted into the curse of licentious-
 ness and promiscuous debauchery.
 We select the picture of Mazeppa's
 mistress, chiefly for its being nearly the
 best part of the poem, and also for be-
 ing readily separable from the rest.

—Theresa's form—
 Methinks it glides before me now,
 Between me and yon chesnut's bough,
 The memory is so quick and warm;
 And yet I find no words to tell
 The shape of her I loved so well:
 She had the Asiatic eye,
 Such as our Turkish neighbourhood
 Hath mingled with our Polish blood,
 Dark as above us is the sky;
 But through it stole a tender light,
 Like the first moonrise at midnight;
 Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
 Which seem'd to melt to its own beam;

* This comparison of a "salt mine" may
 perhaps be permitted to a Pole, as the wealth
 of the country consists greatly in the salt
 mines.

All love, half languor, and half fire,
 Like saints that at the stake expire,
 And lift their raptured looks on high,
 As though it were a joy to die.
 A brow like a midsummer lake,
 Transparent with the sun therein,
 When waves no murmur dare to make,
 And heaven beholds her face within.
 A cheek and lip—but why proceed?
 I loved her then—I love her still;
 And such as I am, love indeed
 In fierce extremes—in good and ill.

We do not understand the simile of
 the saints, or how any eye can be like
 a martyr at the stake "seeming to melt
 in its own beam; all love, half languor,
 and half fire;" which, by the way,
 forms two wholes, if one *all* and two
halves are sufficient for that purpose.
 There is little inspiration in the love
 scenes, for the hero tells that he kept
 his distance,

Until I was made known to her,
 And we might then and there confer
 Without suspicion—

which looks more like the concluding
 pleadings in Doctors Commons, than
 the commencement of an intrigue: we
 therefore pass to the punishment of the
 paramour, who was seized in a place,
 the locality of which is perplexed, as if
 propounded by a sphinx,

Twas near his castle, far away
 From city or from succour near,
 And almost at the break of day—

Well, he is carried before the enraged
 husband, who is amazed, as well he
 might be, lest such an accident "should
 chance to touch upon his *future pedi-
 gree*," (our idea of pedigrees was, that
 they always referred to the past,) and
 condemned to be tied naked to the
 wild horse:

'Bring forth the horse!'—the horse was
 In truth he was a noble steed, [brought;
 A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
 Who look'd as though the speed of thought
 Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
 Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
 With spur and bridle undefiled—

'Twas but a day he had been caught;
 And snorting, with erected mane,
 And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
 In the full foam of wrath and dread
 To me the desert-born was led:
 They bound me on, that menial throng,
 Upon his back with many a thong;
 Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
 Away!—away!—and on we dash!—
 Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away!—away!—My breath was gone—
 I saw not where he hurried on:
 'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
 And on he foam'd—away!—away!
 The last of human sounds which rose,
 As I was darted from my foes,
 Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
 Which on the wind came roaring after
 A moment from that rabble rout:
 With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
 And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
 Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,

And writhing half my form about,
 How'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
 The thunder of my courser's speed,
 Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
 It vexes me—for I would fain
 Have paid their insult back again.
 I paid it well in after days:
 There is not of that castle gate,
 Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
 Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
 Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
 Save what grows on a ridge of wall,

Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;
 And many a time ye there might pass,
 Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
 I saw its turrets in a blaze,
 Their crackling battlements all cleft,
 And the hot lead pour down like rain
 From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
 Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.

They little thought that day of pain,
 When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
 They bade me to destruction dash,
 That one day I should come again,
 With twice five thousand horse to thank
 The count for his uncourteous ride.
 They play'd me then a bitter *prank*,
 When, with the wild horse for my guide,
 They bound me to his foaming flank:
 At length I play'd them one as *frank*—
 For time at last sets all things even—
 And if we do but watch the hour,
 There never yet was human power
 Which could evade, if unforgiven,
 The patient search and vigil long
 Of him who treasures up a wrong.

We have marked in Italics the words
 and passages which either being used
 merely for rhyme's sake, or without
 due choice for conveying the meaning
 of the author, deform this spirited
 description. We need not, to compe-
 tent readers, point out their peculiar
 inaptness, or implication of gramma-
 tical absurdity. The lacerated Ma-
 zeppa and his fiery courser continue
 their route for three days; they pass a
 "wild plain" and a "wild wood."

The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
 But chill the air, although in June;
 Or it might be my veins ran cold—
 Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
 And I was then not what I seem,
 But headlong as a wintry stream,
 And wore my feelings out before
 I well could count their causes o'er:
 And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
 The tortures which beset my path,
 Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
 Thus bound in nature's nakedness;
 Sprung from a race whose rising blood
 When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
 And trodden hard upon, is like
 The rattle-snakes, in act to strike,
 What marvel if this worn-out trunk
 Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
 The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
 I seem'd to sink upon the ground;
 But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
 My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
 And throb'd awhile, then beat no more:
 The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
 I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
 And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
 Which saw no farther: he who dies
 Can die no more than then I died.

They next swim a broad river, and the following is a fine description of the Steppes :

A boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight ;
And here and there a speck of white,
Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right.
But nought distinctly seen
In the dim waste, would indicate
The omen of a cottage gate ;
No twinkling taper from afar
Stood like an hospitable star ;
Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
To make him merry with my woes :
That very cheat had cheer'd me then !
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me, through every ill,
Of the abodes of men.
Onward we went—but slack and slow ;
His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
All feebly foaming went.
A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour ;
But useless all to me.
His new-born tameness nought avail'd,
My limbs were bound ; my force had fail'd,
Perchance had they been free.
With feeble effort still I tried
To rend the bonds so starkly tied—
But still it was in vain ;
My limbs were only wrung the more,
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
Which but prolong'd their pain :
The dizzy race seem'd almost done,
Although no goal was nearly won :
Some streaks announced the coming sun—
How slow, alas ! he came !
Methought that mist of dawning gray,
Would never dapple into day ;
How heavily it roll'd away—
Before the eastern flame
Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
And call'd the radiance from their ears,
And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,
With lonely lustre all his own.
Up rose the sun ; the mists were curl'd
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around—behind—before :
What bootied it to traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river ? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil ;
No sign of travail—none of toil ;
The very air was mute ;
And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still stagger'd on ;
And still we were—or seem'd—alone :

This we consider the best portion of the poem, and with it therefore we shall take our leave, with very slight additions ; only noticing that the horse at length falls exhausted and dies, while a herd of its free companions visit it, and fly by instinct from the sight of its human load : a raven contemplates the destined prey, and the narrator says :

I saw his wing through twilight flit,
And once so near me he alit.
I could have smote, but lack'd the strength ;
But the slight motion of my hand,
And feeble scratching of the sand,
Th' exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,
Together scared him off at length—
I know no more—my latest dream
Is something of a lovely star
Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
And went and came with wandering beam,
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
Sensation of recurring sense,
And then subsiding back to death,
And then again a little breath,
A little thrill, a short suspense,
An icy sickness curdling o'er
My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain—
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
A sigh, and nothing more.
I woke—Where was I?—Do I see
A human face look down on me ?
And doth a roof above me close ?
Do these limbs on a couch repose ?
Is this a chamber where I lie ?
And is it mortal yon bright eye,
That watches me with gentle glance ?
I closed my own again once more,
As doubtful that the former trance
Could not as yet be o'er.
A slender girl, long-haired, and tall,
Sate watching by the cottage wall :
The sparkle of her eye I caught,
Even with my first return of thought ;
For ever and anon she threw
A prying, pitying glance on me
With her black eyes so wild and free ;
I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
No vision it could be,—
But that I lived, and was released
From adding to the vulture's feast.

In the end the Hetman bids his comrades "good night," and has no thanks for his tale, as the king had been "an hour asleep." This burlesque termination indicates, that the noble author had wasted none of his strength on the composition ; but still, as coming from so graced a pen, it would be injurious, as an example to inferior writers, to pass it with encomium, as a work possessing the Byron "stamp of merit."

An ode to Venice, to which the writer certainly owed some tribute for having enervated his muse, and an unmeaning fragment of a tale of the Vampire genus, without one of the Quintilian qualities, for it has neither beginning, middle, nor end, are annexed to eke out this publication. The former is remarkable for the party politics which it breathes ; but being spiritedly done, we copy it entire,* and leave it, undefiled by criticism, to the consideration of our readers.

Tales of my Landlord. Legend of Montrose.

The Legend of Montrose possesses, in our opinion, more forcible writing than

* Accidentally omitted : see address.

the Bride of Lammermoor, though it is equally liable to objections on account of haste and carelessness, which occasionally disfigure the style, and render it inelegant, if not ungrammatical.

We have long wondered that the Author of these tales did not avail himself of, perhaps, the most striking of all the traits of Scottish national character, and render it the distinct foundation and predominating interest of a novel : we allude to the faculty assumed, or, not to offend our northern readers, possessed by a certain gifted class in the Highlands, and known by the name of the *Second Sight*. It is true that he has given his occasional snatches of this endowment and its consequences ; but until the present Tale appeared, we have had nothing like a regular exposition of such prophetic powers. Nor indeed is Allan M'Aulay, in whose person it is here most strongly identified, a genuine Seer : he is rather a *lusus nature* ; and Ranald, "the Son of the Mist," is unquestionably the truest representative of the prophetic body. From the combination of both, however, we have a tolerably accurate and complete picture of this remarkable peculiarity. This is, we think, the happiest portion of the novel ; the outline of which we shall briefly lay before our readers. There is an admirable introduction, which castigates in terms of great severity, but not half severe enough for the crime, the guilt of those whose mercenary measures have led to the depopulation of many a Highland hill and valley, and the self-banishment from old Scotland of multitudes of her noble children, driven from the soil of their fathers, to which their attachment is so fixed, from the land of their love, unwilling exiles in distant climes, where the viler deserters and defamers of the sister kingdoms have voluntarily sought a country and a home.—A fine portrait of Serjeant-Major M'Alpin connects this preface with the main story. He has been abroad, fighting the battles of Europe, and on his return, covered with wounds and honour, finds the glen of his infancy desolate, its happy natives all gone, and a stranger farming with a few menials the ground which maintained a little clan of hardy and poor but contented and independent mountaineers. Chagrined and disgusted, the veteran resolves to transport himself, and join his ancient friends across the ocean ; but in journeying along, he meets with a comfortable refuge at Gandercleugh, (the scene of

these memorable Tales,) and from his mouth, the honest Schoolmaster gathers the materials for the Legend of Montrose.

The Earl of Menteith, with two attendants, pricking his way through a difficult country north of Perth, encounters a soldier of fortune, Captain Dalgetty, who, hearing of the troubles in his native Scotland, returns from the Continent, where he has been in the service of half the powers of Europe, to take part in these civil broils, on whichever side will pay him best. As the cavaliers are in want of disciplinarians, Menteith after some parley enlists this old campaigner on their behalf, and the party proceed together to Darlinvarach, the castle of the M'Aulays. Here Allan M'Aulay, the second brother, displays his fierce and vindictive character; but in his wildest fits of passion or enthusiasm, is soothed by the harp and voice of Annot Lyle, an orphan dependant, saved from the promiscuous slaughter of the Children of the Mist, in a retaliatory foray against that predatory tribe. Both Menteith and Allan are enamoured of this Celtic maiden, who in the end turns out to be the daughter of Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvoehr.

Darlinvarach becomes a scene of much interest. Two English gentlemen meet our other travellers there, to the great displeasure of the moody Allan; as they have partly come to decide a bet, ostentatiously laid by his brother, on seeing some massive silver candlesticks at their residence in Cumberland, that he had much more valuable articles of the same kind in his Highland home. Now it happened in truth that a tin scone was about the best of his furniture in that way, and it was evident that he had lost his wager of 400 merks, unless some miraculous invention got him out of the scrape. For such he was indebted to Allan, who stationed eight gallant clansmen round the table, with each a torch in his hand, and triumphantly asked if half-a-dozen pieces of trumpery plate could be compared in value to these fine human candelabras. This is an old story, but it is well told. Next morning a number of clans assemble at M'Aulay's, to concert measures for taking up arms. To these Anderson, one of the pretended domestics of Menteith, discovers himself to be the Earl of Montrose, armed with a royal commission to levy war. While they are deliberating, Ardenvoehr appears on the part of the States General, and attempts to dissuade them from their purpose. This renders a counter-embassy to the Earl of Argyle necessary, and Dalgetty is pitched upon for the dangerous service. Ardenvoehr is prevented from accompanying him all the way to Inverara, and his reception is as bad as bad can be. He is brutally treated, and thrust into a dungeon to take his chance of execution next morning, either with some of its inmates, or immediately after some who had been so, and whose corpses greeted the valiant Ambassador's eye as he was roughly ushered to

the presence of Argyle. In the dungeon he finds Ranald, the senior of the Children of the Mist, three of whose sons are hanging on gibbets outside. Their conversation is overheard by the crafty head of the Campbells, who has a secret passage and sliding door for such purposes. Dalgetty takes advantage of this occurrence, pounces upon the Earl, and nearly strangles him till he discloses the private passage. By this the prisoners effect their escape, leaving Mac Cullum More in their stead, pinioned and muffled up to prevent an alarm. They are tracked by blood-hounds through the difficult passes of Argyleshire, but ultimately save themselves, though Dalgetty is badly wounded in a skirmish. The domestic war breaks out, and Montrose's campaign forms the subject, and sometimes rather tediously, of the ensuing pages. In the end of the year, guided by the Son of the Mist, he breaks into the fastnesses of Argyle, and takes a terrible revenge for the atrocities committed by the Campbells upon his party. Subsequently a dreadful battle ensues, in which the Royalists are victorious, Ardenvoehr is severely wounded, Ranald mortally; and in this state he discovers to the former that Annot Lyle is his daughter. Under the uncertain circumstances of the times he consents to her marriage with Menteith, and Montrose sends Allan from the camp to prevent a feud. The dying Ranald, however, desperately bent on revenge, dispatches his son to inform Allan of the union, and trusts not only to his furious nature but to former visions, that he will commit a horrible crime. Allan is much attached to Menteith, and has often been distracted by a Sight of a person stabbing him with a dagger, whose face he could not distinguish, but dreads it to represent himself. This assassination the message from Ranald realizes. He hurries back to the camp, and stabs Menteith with his dirk, on his bridal morning; but, happily, owing to his having armour on, the blow is not mortal, and Allan rushes away and is never heard of more, though it is supposed that the Children of the Mist have destroyed him. Menteith and Annot are united, and here the Tale concludes.

The most original characters are Allan M'Aulay, Ranald the Son of the Mist, and Captain Dalgetty, especially the latter, whose parallel we do not remember to have met with any where, except in a slight sketch by Sir Roger L'Estrange, who describes the

Low-Country Squires with suits provent
From Utrecht, Nimuegen or Ghent
In Flanders.

Dalgetty's affection for his horse Gustavus is a prominent feature, and reminds us of the cordial loves of Sancho and Dapple. Argyle too is a well drawn portrait, but rather a correct copy from history, than a fresh limning from private investigation; a few quotations will suffice to afford our readers a com-

petent idea of the whole production, which is indeed fearfully picturesque, in its delineation of that horrid state of society, when bold bad men were stronger than the law, when the gratification of the fellest vengeance was looked upon as a virtue, and when the blood of thousands was annually shed in intestine war, domestic feud, or ignominiously on the scaffold, and when anarchy and massacre rioted over these now blessed, (if they felt their own blessedness as they ought, with gratitude to heaven,) and peaceful realms.

Lord Menteith tells the story of the birth of the *Second Sighted Allan*, to Dalgetty, Anderson, and his other domestic, when couching after the first day's business at Darlinvarach.

"The father," said Lord Menteith, "of the two brothers, Angus and Allan M'Aulay, was a gentleman of consideration and family, being the chief of a Highland clan, of good account, though not numerous; his lady, the mother of these young men, was a gentlewoman of good family, if I may be permitted to say so of one nearly connected with my own. Her brother, an honourable and spirited young man, obtained from James the Sixth a grant of forestry, and other privileges, over a royal chase adjacent to this castle; and, in exercising and defending these rights, he was so unfortunate as to involve himself in a quarrel with some of our Highland freebooters or caterans.

"The clan, with whom the maternal uncle of the M'Aulays had been placed in feud, was a small sept of banditti, called, from their houseless state, and their incessantly wandering among the mountains and glens, the Children of the Mist. They are a fierce and hardy people, with all the irritability, and wild and vengeful passions, proper to men who have never known the restraint of civilized society. A party of them lay in wait for the unfortunate Warden of the Forest, surprised him while hunting alone and unattended, and slew him with every circumstance of inventive cruelty. They cut off his head, and resolved, in a bravado, to exhibit it at the castle of his brother-in-law. The laird was absent, and the lady reluctantly received as guests, men against whom, perhaps, she was afraid to shut her gates. Refreshments were placed before the Children of the Mist, who took an opportunity to take the head of their victim from the plaid in which it was wrapped, placed it on the table, put a piece of bread between the lifeless jaws, bidding them do their office now, since many a good meal they had eaten at that table. The lady, who had been absent for some household purpose, entered at this moment, and, upon beholding her brother's head, fled, like an arrow, out of the house into the woods, uttering shriek upon shriek. The ruffians, satisfied with this savage triumph, with-

drew. The terrified menials, after overcoming the alarm to which they had been subjected, sought their unfortunate mistress in every direction, but she was nowhere to be found. The unfortunate husband returned next day, and, with the assistance of his people, undertook a more anxious and distant search, but to equally little purpose. It was believed universally, that, in the ecstasy of her terror, she must either have thrown herself over one of the numerous precipices which overhang the river, or into a deep lake about a mile from the castle. Her loss was the more lamented, as she was six months advanced in her pregnancy; Angus McAulay, her eldest son, having been born about eighteen months before.

"Every baron in the country now swore revenge for this dreadful crime. They took arms with the relations and brother-in-law of the murdered person, and the Children of the Mist were hunted down, I believe, with as little mercy as they had themselves manifested. Seventeen heads, the bloody trophies of their vengeance, were distributed among the allies, and fed the crows upon the gates of their castles. The survivors sought out more distant wildernesses, to which they retreated.

"It is the custom in summer, to send the cows to the upland pastures to have the benefit of the grass; and the maids of the village, and of the family, go there to milk them in the morning and evening. While thus employed, the females of this family, to their great terror, perceived that their motions were watched at a distance by a pale, thin, meagre figure, bearing a strong resemblance to their deceased mistress, and passing of course, for her apparition. When some of the boldest resolved to approach this faded form, it fled from them into the woods with a wild shriek. The husband, informed of this circumstance, came up to the glen with some attendants, and took his measures so well as to intercept the retreat of the unfortunate fugitive, and to secure the person of his unfortunate lady, though her intellect proved to be totally deranged. How she supported herself during her wandering in the woods could not be known—some supposed she lived upon roots and wild berries, with which the woods at that season abounded; but the greater part of the vulgar were satisfied that she must have subsisted upon the milk of the wild does, or been nourished by the fairies, or supported in some manner equally marvellous. Her re-appearance was more easily accounted for. She had seen from the thicket the milking of the cows, to superintend which had been her favourite domestic employment, and the habit had prevailed even in her deranged state of mind.

"In due season the unfortunate lady was delivered of a boy, who not only shewed no appearance of having suffered from his mother's calamities, but appeared to be an infant of uncommon health and strength. The unhappy mother, after her confinement, recovered her reason—at least in a

great measure, but never her health and spirits. Allan was her only joy. Her attention to him was unremitting; and unquestionably she must have impressed upon his early mind many of those superstitious ideas to which his moody and enthusiastic temper gave so ready a reception. She died when he was about ten years old. Her last words were spoken to him in private; but there is little doubt that they conveyed an injunction of vengeance upon the Children of the Mist, with which he has since amply complied.

"From this moment the habits of Allan McAulay were totally changed. He had hitherto been his mother's constant companion, listening to her dreams, and repeating his own, and feeding his imagination, which, probably from the circumstances preceding his birth, was constitutionally deranged, with all the wild and terrible superstitions so common to the mountaineers, to which his unfortunate mother had become much addicted since her brother's death. It is true he remained as thoughtful and serious as before; and long fits of silence and abstraction shewed plainly that his disposition, in this respect, was in no degree altered. But at other times, he sought out the rendezvous of the youth of the clan, which he had hitherto seemed anxious to avoid. He took share in all their exercises; and, from his very extraordinary personal strength, soon excelled his brother and other youths, whose age considerably exceeded his own. They who had hitherto held him in contempt, now feared, if they did not love him; and, instead of Allan's being esteemed a dreaming, womanish and feeble-minded boy, those who encountered him in sports or military exercise, now complained that, when heated by the strife, he was too apt to turn game into earnest, and to forget that he was only engaged in a friendly trial of strength.

"Allan continued to increase in strength and activity till his fifteenth year, about which time he assumed a total independence of character, and impatience of control, which much alarmed his surviving parent. He was absent in the woods for whole days and nights, under pretence of hunting, though he did not always bring home game. His father was the more alarmed, because several of the Children of the Mist, encouraged by the increasing troubles of the state, had ventured back to their old haunts, nor did he think it altogether safe to renew any attack upon them. The risk of Allan, in his wanderings, sustaining injury from these vindictive freebooters, was a perpetual source of apprehension.

"I was myself upon a visit to the castle when this matter was brought to a crisis. Allan had been absent since day-break in the woods, where I had sought for him in vain; it was a dark stormy night and he did not return. His father expressed the utmost anxiety, and spoke of detaching a party at the dawn of morning in quest of him, when, as we were sitting at the sup-

per-table, the door suddenly opened, and Allan entered the room with a proud, firm, and confident air. His intractability of temper, as well as the unsettled state of his mind, had such an influence over his father, that he suppressed all other tokens of displeasure, excepting the observation that I had killed a fat buck, and had returned before sun-set, while he supposed Allan, who had been on the hill till midnight, had returned with empty hands. 'Are you sure of that?' said Allan, fiercely; 'here is something will tell you another tale.'

"We now observed his hands were bloody, and that there were spots of blood on his face, and waited the issue with impatience; when suddenly, undoing the corner of his plaid, he rolled down on the table a human head, bloody and new severed, saying, at the same time, 'Lie thou where the head of a better man lay before ye.' From the haggard features, and matted red-hair and beard, partly grizzled with age, his father and others present recognised the head of Hector of the Mist, a well-known leader among the outlaws, redoubted for strength and ferocity, who had been active in the murder of the unfortunate warden, and had escaped by desperate defence and extraordinary agility, when so many of his companions were destroyed. We were all, it may be believed, struck with surprise, but Allan refused to gratify our curiosity; and we only conjectured that he must have overcome the outlaw after a desperate struggle, because we discovered that he had sustained several wounds from the contest. All measures were now taken to ensure him against the vengeance of the freebooters, but neither his wounds nor the positive command of his father, nor even the locking the gates of the castle and the doors of his apartment, were precautions adequate to prevent Allan from seeking out the very persons to whom he was peculiarly obnoxious. He made his escape by night from the window of the apartment, and laughing at his father's vain care, produced on one occasion the head of one, and upon another those of two of the Children of the Mist. At length these men, fierce as they were, became appalled by the inveterate animosity and audacity with which Allan sought out their recesses. As he never hesitated to encounter any odds, they concluded that he must bear a charmed life, or fight under the guardianship of some supernatural influence. Neither gun, dirk, nor dourloch, they said, availed aught against him. They imputed this to the remarkable circumstances under which he was born; and at length five or six of the stoutest Caterans of the Highlands would have fled at Allan's hollow, or the blast of his horn."

Captain Dalgetty's approach to Inverara conveys a shocking idea of these feudal times.

The village of Inverara, now a neat county town, then partook of the rudeness of the seventeenth century, in the miserable

appearance of the houses, and the irregularity of the unpaved street. But a stronger and more terrible characteristic of the period, appeared in the market-place, which was a space of irregular width, half way betwixt the harbour, or pier, and the frowning castle-gate, which terminated, with its gloomy arch-way, portcullis, and flankers, the upper end of the vista. Midway this space was erected a rude gibbet, on which hung five dead bodies, two of which from their dress seemed to have been Lowlanders, and the other three corpses were muffled in their Highland plaids. Two or three women sat under the gallows, who seemed to be mourning and singing the coronach of the deceased, in a low voice. But the spectacle was apparently of too ordinary occurrence to have much interest for the inhabitants at large, who, while they thronged to look at the military figure, the horse of an unusual size, and the burnished panoply of Captain Dalgetty, seemed to bestow no attention whatever on the piteous spectacle which their own market-place afforded.

The envoy of Montrose was not quite so indifferent, and hearing a word or two of English escape from a Highlander of decent appearance, he immediately halted Gustavus, and addressed him. "The Provost Marshal has been busy here, my friend. May I crave of you what these delinquents have been justified for?"

He looked towards the gibbet as he spoke, and the Gael, comprehending his meaning rather by his action than his words, immediately replied, "Three gentlemen caterans,—God sain them (crossing himself)—two Sassenach bits o' bodies, that wadna do something M'Callum More bade them;" and turning from Dalgetty with an air of indifference, away he walked, staying no further question.

Dalgetty shrugged his shoulders and proceeded, for Sir Duncan Campbell's tenth or twelfth cousin had already shown some signs of impatience.

At the gate of the castle, another terrible spectacle of feudal power awaited him. Within a stockade or palisado, which seemed lately to have been added to the defences of the gate, and which was protected by two pieces of light artillery, was a small inclosure, where stood a huge block, on which lay an axe. Both were smeared with recent blood, and a quantity of sawdust strewed around, partly retained and partly obliterated the marks of a very late execution.

As Dalgetty looked on this new object of terror, his principal guide suddenly twitched him by the skirt of his jerkin, and having thus attracted his attention, winked and pointed with his finger to a pole fixed on the stockade, which supported a human head, being that, doubtless, of the late sufferer. There was a leer on the Highlander's face, as he pointed to this ghastly spectacle, which seemed to his fellow-traveller ominous of nothing good.

The battle between the Campbells

and Montrose is most spiritedly given, but we can only quote one remarkable passage.

Neither party would retreat an inch, while the place of those who fell (and they fell fast on both sides) was eagerly supplied by others, who thronged to the front of danger. A steam, like that which arises from a seething caldron, rose into the thin, cold, frosty air, and hovered above the combatants.

The death of Ranald, the son of the Mist, must conclude our extracts: it is very striking, and whimsically contrasted by Dalgetty's comments. He is addressing his grandchild, a young savage.

"Kenneth," said the old outlaw, "hear the last words of the sire of thy father. A Saxon soldier, and Allan of the Red-hand, left this camp within these few hours, to travel to the country of Caberfae. Pursue them as the blood-hound pursues the hurt deer—swim the lake—climb the mountain—thread the forest—tarry not until you join them;" and then the countenance of the lad darkened as his grandfather spoke, and he laid his hand upon a knife which stuck in the thong of leather which confined his scanty plaid. "No," said the old man, "it is not by thy hand he must fall. They will ask the news from the camp—say to them that Annot Lyle of the Harp is discovered to be the daughter of Duncan of Ardenvoehr; that the Thane of Menteith is to wed her before the priest; and that you are sent to bid guests to the bridal. Tarry not their answer, but vanish like the lightning when the black cloud swallows it.—And now depart, beloved son of my best beloved! I shall never more see thy face, nor hear the light sound of thy footsteps—yet tarry an instant and hear my last charge—remember the fate of our race, and quit not the ancient manners of the Children of the Mist. We are now a straggling handful, driven from every vale by the sword of every clan, who rule in the possessions where their forefathers hewed the wood, and drew the water to ours. But in the thicket of the wilderness, and in the mist of the mountain, Kenneth, son of Erorch, keep thou unsoiled the freedom which I leave thee as a birth-right. Barter it neither for the rich garment, nor for the stone roof, nor for the covered board, nor for the couch of down—on the rock, or in the valley, in abundance or in famine—in the leafy summer, and in the days of the iron winter—Son of the Mist! be free as thy forefathers. Own no lord—receive no law—take no hire—give no stipend—build no hut—inclose no pasture—sow no grain;—let the deer of the mountain be thy flocks and herds—if these fail thee, prey upon the goods of our oppressors—of the Saxons, and of the Gael who are Saxons in their souls, valuing herds and flocks more than honour and freedom. Well for us that they do so—it affords the broader scope for our revenge. Remember those who have done kindness

to our race, and pay their services with thy blood, should the hour require it. If a MacIain shall come to thee with the head of the king's son in his hand, shelter him, though the avenging army of the father were behind him; for in Glencoe and Ardnamurchan, we have dwelt in peace in the years that have gone by. The sons of Diarmid—the race of Darnlinvarach—the riders of Menteith—my curse on thy head, Child of the Mist, if thou spare one of those names, when the time shall offer for cutting them off! and it will come anon, for their own swords shall devour each other, and those who are scattered shall fly to the Mist, and perish by its Children. Once more, begone—shake the dust from thy feet against the habitations of men, whether banded together for peace or for war. Farewell, beloved! and may'st thou die like thy forefathers, ere infirmity, disease, or age shall break thy spirit—begone!—begone!—live free—requite kindness—avenge the injuries of thy race."

The young savage stooped, and kissed the brow of his dying parent; but accustomed from infancy to suppress every exterior sign of emotion, he parted without tear or adieu, and was soon far beyond the limits of Montrose's camp.

Sir Dugald Dalgetty, who was present during the latter part of this scene, was very little edified by the conduct of MacEagh upon the occasion. "I cannot think, my friend Ranald," said he, "that you are in the best possible road for a dying man. Storms, onslaughts, massacres, the burning of suburbs, are a soldier's daily work, and are justified by the necessity of the case, seeing that they are done in the course of duty; for burning of suburbs, in particular, it may be said that they are traitors and cut-throats to all fortified towns. Hence it is plain, that a soldier is a profession peculiarly favored by Heaven, seeing that we may hope for salvation, although we daily commit actions of so great violence. But then, Ranald, in all services of Europe, it is the custom of the dying soldier not to vaunt him of such doings, or to recommend them to his fellows; but, on the contrary, to express contrition for the same, and to repeat, or have repeated to him, some comfortable prayer; which, if you please, I will intercede with his Excellency's chaplain to prefer on your account. It is otherwise no point of my duty to put you in mind of those things; only it may be for the ease of your conscience to depart more like a Christian, and less like a Turk, than you seem to be in a fair way of doing."

The only answer of the dying man—(for as such Ranald MacEagh might now be considered)—was a request to be raised to such a position that he might obtain a view from the window of the Castle. The deep frost mist which had long settled upon the top of the mountains, was now rolling down each rugged glen and gully, where the craggy ridges showed their black and irregular outline, like desert islands rising above the ocean of vapour. "Spirit of the Mist!" said Ranald MacEagh, "called by

our race, our father, and our preserver—receive into thy tabernacle of clouds, when this pang is over, him whom in life thou hast so often sheltered." So saying, he sunk back into the arms of those who upheld him, spoke no further word, but turned his face to the wall for a short space.

"I believe," said Dalgetty, "my friend Ranald will be found in his heart to be little better than a heathen." And he renewed his proposal to procure him the assistance of Dr. Wisheart, Montrose's military chaplain; "a man," said Sir Dugald, "very clever in his exercise, and who will do execution on your sins in less time than I could smoke a pipe of tobacco."

"Saxon," said the dying man, "speak to me no more of thy priest—I die contented. Hadst thou ever an enemy against whom weapons were of no avail—whom the ball missed, and against whom the arrow shivered,—and whose bare skin was as impenetrable to sword and dirk as thy steel garment?—Heardst thou ever of such a foe?"

"Very frequently, when I served in Germany," replied Sir Dugald. "There was such a fellow at Ingolstadt; he was proof both against lead and steel. The soldiers killed him with the butts of their muskets."

"This impassable foe," said Ranald, without regarding the Major's interruption, "who has the blood dearest to me upon his hands—to this man I have now bequeathed agony of mind, jealousy, despair, and sudden death,—or a life more miserable than death itself. Such shall be the lot of Allan of the Red-hand, when he learns that Annot weds Menteith; and I ask no more than the certainty that it is so, to sweeten my own bloody end by his hand."

"If that be the case," said the Major, "there's no more to be said; but I shall take care as few people see you as possible, for I cannot think your mode of departure can be at all creditable or exemplary to a Christian army." So saying, he left the apartment, and the Son of the Mist soon after breathed his last.

We shall not prolong this review by any further remarks of our own. These works are so far above the class to which in name they belong, that all critics have consented to consider them in the light of a much more elevated kind: it is thus that their defects have been viewed with the jealousy of historical blemishes, and their surprising merits tasked as belonging to the highest species of composition. They have been tried by the severest standard, and they have stood the test.

STATE OF FRANCE.

(Analysis of *Journal des Savans* for May, 1819.)

Since the annual exposés of Buonaparte, (and considering their mendacity, exclusive even of these,) we have not met with so instructive and universally

interesting a statement as that which forms the basis of the following article.

Article II. De l'industrie Française: par M. le Comte Chaptal. 2 Vols. 8vo.

Volume I. A work which treats of the industry of a nation, of its prosperity, its resources, and which tends to give the active genius of the individuals who compose it, a direction adapted to the circumstances in which they are placed, cannot fail to be well received both by that nation and by foreigners. Such is that of which we design to give an account.

Though the word *industry* (in French) has been long especially applied to the products of the arts, M. Chaptal has thought it proper to use it in a more extensive sense, and to comprehend under the same denomination commerce and agriculture. The Reviewer observes:—

This plan is simple and easily understood: it consists in treating of each of these three branches, in saying what we were, and what we are, in calculating our losses in commerce, and appreciating our progress in agriculture and manufactures, in comparing what we obtain from our cultivation and manufactures with what foreigners draw from theirs; lastly, in knowing the taste and the wants of all countries, to adapt our products to them.

In a preliminary discourse, the author traces the progress of French industry from the reign of Charlemagne; whence, rapidly following the course of events, he arrives at the present moment, when it seems as if nations desire to concentrate, to insulate themselves; so that industry, if this state of things continued, would be reduced to the bare demands of local wants, tending to the annihilation of commerce, and consequently to the dissolution of the bonds which should unite civilized nations." To the preceding reflections he adds the following: "In this extraordinary situation, in which the nations of Europe place themselves, that one is happy which inhabits a fertile country under a very various temperature, and whose people are at once numerous, active, courageous, and enlightened. Its existence is insured by the astonishing variety of the productions of its soil; the industry necessary to its wants, finds in its bosom every thing that can nourish its labours; a population of thirty millions suffices for a very great consumption of the produce of agriculture and manufactures; the exchange of the productions of the North for those of the South creates an advantageous circulation; and of all nations, it is that, which, if reduced to its own resources, would experience the fewest privations.

Besides the great mass of information which M. Chaptal has derived from every official and authentic source, he has drawn the most valuable from his own knowledge and experience, having lived forty years in the manufactories and among artists, having created important establishments, and having, when minister of the home department, had the general administra-

tion of commerce, agriculture, and manufactures. M. Chaptal's work is divided into four parts, each subdivided into chapters.

In the first he treats of the commerce of France with all the nations of Europe, the Levant and Barbary, North America and the East Indies. To form a suitable opinion of what the trade of France was, M. Chaptal felt that he ought not to choose the disastrous times when war closes most of the channels, nor those of political convulsions which excite distress, threaten property, and paralise industry. He has taken only the years 1787, 1788, and 1789, during which France was able to develop all her resources, and to establish commercial relations with all nations. Regret is expressed at the difference between that time and the present, though, happily, agricultural and manufacturing industry have gained, the welfare of the country people has increased consumption, and the internal commerce has improved.

A general table of our commerce terminates the first part. The sum total of the imports greatly exceeds that of the exports, so that the balance of our trade seems unfavorable; but this difference ceases, or rather the balance is in favor of our nation, when we consider, 1st, that among the imports are the productions of our colonies in Asia, Africa, and America, to the amount of 240 millions, whereas the exports to them were only 90 millions: 2d, that among the imports are included also foreign coins, and gold and silver bullion to the amount of above 60 millions.

The second part is employed in showing the progress of agriculture since 1789. It must be confessed that it had previously undergone great improvements, owing particularly to the writings and to the experiments of Duhamel, Malesherbes, and others. The progress of amelioration has been more rapid since agriculture has been relieved from a part of the restraints imposed on it, since estates could be divided, and since the improved system has been introduced, which originated in Belgium and French Flanders, was afterwards adopted in England, and has but lately extended into the interior of the kingdom. Let those who were acquainted 25 or 30 years ago with the plains of La Beauce, La Brie, Picardy, &c. now visit them during the season of harvest, they will see the astonishing changes which have been produced by a more judicious, and more productive system of culture.

The potatoe has been found so valuable that it is now cultivated in all parts of France, and has greatly increased the means of subsistence, while the introduction of the merinos has enriched the manufactures with a material more important than silk. M. Chaptal strongly recommends the cultivation of the beet-root and of woad. The former would lessen the inconvenience of a blockade of the French ports, which should cut off the supplies of sugar from America; and if the

other could be made to supply the place of indigo, it would keep at home considerable sums which are now sent to foreign countries.

A series of tables contain a view of the annual productions of every kind, article by article. Nothing is omitted; even the quantity of every description of poultry and of their eggs is calculated.

One of the most interesting chapters is the third of the second part; in which M. Chaptal gives a view of the territorial riches of France. The population, according to the last census, is 29,327,388 souls. The superficial extent, exclusive of Corsica, is fifty-two millions of hectares: 45,445,000 produce more or less: 6,555,000 produce little or nothing. From the detailed statement given by M. Chaptal it appears that one half of the productive soil is arable, one eighth forests, one fifteenth pastures, a fifteenth meadows, a twenty-second part vineyards, a thirteenth uncultivated land, heaths, and the like. M. Chaptal states the mean revenue of a hectare at about 28 francs, and the general produce according to this basis would be 1,486,244,653 francs. The agricultural capital amounts to 37,522,620,476 francs: the estimate of the gross produce to 4,678,708,885 francs, and that of the net produce, deducting expenses of every kind, to 1,344,703,370 francs, which he considers as subject to impost. From these results he infers, that if the territorial impost (meaning we presume the Land-tax,) were duly apportioned, it would not form a fifth part of the revenue of France; whereas at present it absorbs the third in some departments, and scarcely the eighth in others.

Volume II. The preceding extract has shewn the progress of French agriculture: that of manufactures, has also been considerable. M. Chaptal, however, thinks that the former has the advantage. There is reason to believe that it will not stop where it is, but that proceeding in its rapid course, it will reach the object which it ought to have in view, that of increasing territorial productions to the utmost.

Hardly any thing can be effected in the arts, without the aid of mechanism, or chemistry; hence their division into two classes, which is the subject of the third part of the work.

Thirty years ago the spinning of cotton by machinery was not practised in France, still less that of hemp and flax. Since that time, the most perfect kind of machinery, called *Mull jennies*, has been introduced into several establishments, which supply all our wants, if we except a small quantity of very fine thread (or yarn) which is smuggled into the kingdom, and which supplies our fine manufactures of Tarare and St. Quentin.

* There seems to be some error here, since the total number of hectares (52 millions) multiplied by 28, would make only 1,456 millions. In the original, the sums are expressed in words at length, so that an error of the press is less probable.—EDITOR.

This increase of machinery in Europe has changed the nature of the commerce of India, whence all the manufactured cottons were formerly imported. To employ the hands which were engaged in their manufacture, the English government has applied them to the cultivation of the sugar cane and other articles, furnished by the West India Islands. The abolition of the slave trade, which humanity indeed commanded, and would at length have obtained, and which has been hastened by the profound and provident policy of a powerful nation, will greatly facilitate the propagation of this branch of industry in India.

Considering the obstacles, the prejudices which impeded the introduction of this machinery into France, M. Chaptal says it is a matter of astonishment that it has been brought to such perfection; and that it is a prodigy which does as much honor to the French character as the victories obtained by the armies. He further strenuously refutes the accusation of want of perseverance, which has been so frequently made against his countrymen.

M. Chaptal mentions the manufacturers and others who have imported, improved, or constructed machines for spinning cotton; he notes the various kinds of goods which they have succeeded in manufacturing with that material, and gives a table of what could have been furnished in 1812: the total is 13,474,650 Rilogrammes.

Taking in succession each of the other arts, he shows the state in which they were, and that to which they have attained since machinery has been applied to them. Machines have produced a great revolution in manufactures, the produce of which was formerly calculated by the hands employed, but now the extent of the industry of a country is in proportion to the number of machines, and not to the amount of the population. M. Chaptal thinks that the fears still entertained in some countries lest the use of machines should deprive the workmen in manufactures of the means of subsistence, are ill founded.

Chemistry, which was employed in the arts later than mechanism, has very much ameliorated our industry. M. Chaptal is of all persons the best able to show the influence it has had on the prosperity of our manufactures, since he has applied himself to that science with a view to their benefit. Having paid a kind of homage to that fine institution the Polytechnic School, and bestowed just praises on the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, which was formed during his administration, he passes in review the different arts, with sufficient rapidity not to fatigue the reader, and yet with sufficient detail to preserve all the interest. The author divides what he has to say of the influence of chemistry upon the arts, into three classes, according to the three kingdoms of nature which have furnished the raw material. M. Chaptal treats on each article separately, as he did with respect to commerce and agriculture, and he draws the following conclusions:

The productions of manufacturing in

dustries represent a commercial value of 1,820,102,409 fr.

This value is composed of,

1. about 416 millions of indigenous raw materials;
2. of 186 millions of foreign raw materials;
3. of 844 millions of labour;
4. of 192 millions of general expenses, such as wear and tear of tools, repairs, fuel, light, interest of the capital employed, the first establishment, &c.;
5. of 182,005,221 francs for the profit of the manufacturer.

The fourth and last part treats of the influence of government on industry; in which M. Chaptal declares himself an adversary to every kind of restraint upon emulation and improvement, and disapproves of commercial treaties.

We must say, to the praise of the author, (says M. Tessier in conclusion) that he has composed a very remarkable book, of extraordinary interest, and which may be considered as a national work.

Tales of the Hall. By the Rev. George Crabbe, L. L. B. London. 1819. 8vo. 2 vols.

Reserving any detailed remarks we may have to offer on these volumes, we at present avail ourselves only of the celerity of our publication (by adding Mr. Crabbe to Lord Byron) to indulge, at least our poetical readers, with the taste of two of Britain's greatest living bards, who have both given us novelty within the few days that have elapsed since our last No. The tales of the Hall extend to twenty-two books, and consist of the memoirs of a number of persons residing in the vicinity of a country-squire's abode whence the title is derived. The antithesis, the play on words, the epigram, the versification, the identity of portraiture, the fine touches of nature, the strokes by which character is faithfully portrayed, and the accurate observation of human life, which distinguish the former writings of Mr. Crabbe are all prominent features of this work. The whole forms a series of paintings from common life, in which we seem to recognize every individual, and in only one case do we detect any thing like an improbability. Perhaps these paintings are sometimes a little too much made out, but in others the force of a great original master is added to the minuteness of a copyist. The general impression upon our minds is not so favorable to the author as it ought to be; because we have, in the discharge of our critical functions, read these two copious volumes tale after tale, perseveringly and without relaxation, but we perceive

even under this disadvantage that, taken up from time to time, they must prove an invaluable accession to the useful and entertaining literature of the age, an honor to the author and his country, and, so long as our language lasts, the delight of succeeding generations. We select one tale, prefacing that Sir Owen Dale had resolved to take a dreadful revenge on a lady who had cruelly slighted him, and is reclaimed from his savage purpose by the example of one of his tenants, Ellis:

Our knight a tenant had in high esteem,
His constant boast, when justice was his theme:

He praised the farmer's sense, his shrewd discourse,

Free without rudeness, manly, and not coarse,
As farmer, tenant, nay, as man, the knight
Thought Ellis all that is approved and right;
Then he was happy, and some envy drew,
Foreknowing more than other farmers knew;
They call'd him learned, and it sooth'd their pride,

While he in his was pleas'd and gratified.
Still more t' offend, he to the altar led
The vicar's niece, to early reading bred;
Who, though she freely ventured on the life,
Could never fully be the farmer's wife;
She had a softness, gentleness, and ease,
Sure a coarse mind to humble and displease:
O! had she never known a fault beside,
How vain their spite, how impotent their pride!

Three darling girls the happy couple blest,
Who now the sweetest lot of life possess'd;
For what can more a grateful spirit move
Than health, with competence, and peace,
with love?

Ellis would sometimes, thriving man! retire
To the town inn, and quit the parlour fire;
But he was ever kind where'er he went,
And trifling sums in his amusements spent:
He bought, he thought for her—she should
have been content:

Of, when he cash received at Smithfield
mart,

At Cranbourn-alley he would leave a part;
And, if to town he follow'd what he sold,
Sure was his wife a present to behold.

Still when his evenings at the inn were spent,
She mused at home in sullen discontent;
And, sighing, yielded to a wish that some
With social spirit to the farm would come:

There was a farmer in the place, whose name,
And skill in rural arts, was known to fame;
He had a pupil, by his landlord sent,
On terms that gave the parties much content:

The youth those arts, and those alone, should
learn,

With aught beside his guide had no concern:
He might to neighb'ring towns or distant
ride,

And there amusements seek without a guide:
With handsome prints his private room was
graced,

His music there, and there his books was
placed:

Men knew not if he farm'd, but they allow'd
him taste.

Books, prints, and music, cease, at times, to
charm,

And sometimes men can neither ride nor
farm;

They look for kindred minds, and Cecil found,
In Farmer Ellis, one inform'd and sound;
But in his wife—I hate the fact I tell—
A lovely being, who could please too well:
And he was one who never would deny
Himself a pleasure, or indeed would try.

Early and well the wife of Ellis knew
Where danger was, and trembled at the view;
So evil spirits tremble, but are still
Evil, and lose not the rebellious will:
She sought not safety from the fancied crime,
“And why retreat before the dangerous
time?”

Of came the student of the farm and read,
And found his mind with more than reading
fed:

This Ellis seeing, left them, or he staid,
As pleas'd him, not offended nor afraid:
He came in spirits with his girls to play,
Then ask excuse, and, laughing, walk away:
When, as he entered, Cecil ceased to read,
He would exclaim, “Proceed, my friend,
proceed!”

Or, sometimes weary, would to bed retire,
And fear and anger by his case inspire.

“My conversation does he then despise?
Leaves he this slighted face for other eyes?”
So said Alicia; and she dwelt so long
Upon that thought, to leave her was to wrong.
Alas! the woman loved the soothing tongue,
That yet pronounced her beautiful and young;
The tongue that, seeming careless, ever
praised;

The eye that roving, on her person gazed;
The ready service, on the watch to please;
And all such sweet, small courtesies as these.
The foe's attack will on the fort begin,
When he is certain of a friend within.
When all was lost,—or, in the lover's sight,
When all was won,—the lady thought of flight.

“Fly with me, Henry!” Henry sought in vain
To sooth her terrors and her griefs restrain:
He saw the lengths that women dared to go,
And fear'd the husband both as friend and foe.
Of farming weary—for the guilty mind
Can no resource in guiltless studies find,
Left to himself, his mother all unknown,
His titled father, loth the boy to own,
Had him to decent expectations bred,
A favor'd offspring of a lawless bed;
And would he censure one who should pursue
The way he took? Alicia yet was new:
Her passion pleas'd him: he agreed on flight:
They fix'd the method, and they chose the
night.

Then, while the Farmer read of public crimes,
Collating coolly Chronicles and Times,
The flight was taken by the guilty pair,
That made one passage in the columns there.

The heart of Ellis bled; the comfort, pride,
The hope and stay of his existence died;
Rage from the ruin of his peace arose,
And he would follow and destroy his foes;
Would with wild haste the guilty pair pursue,
And when he found—Good heaven! what
would he do?

That wretched woman he would wildly seize,
And agonize her heart, his own to ease;
That guilty man would grasp, and in her sight
Insult his pangs, and her despair excite;
Bring death in view, and then the stroke sus-
pend,

And draw out tortures till his life should end:
O! it should stand recorded in all time,
How they transgress'd, and he avenged the
crime!

In this bad world should all his business cease
He would not seek—he would not taste of
peace;

But wrath should live till vengeance had her
due,

And with his wrath his life should perish too.

His girls—not his—he would not be so weak—
Child was a word he never more must speak!
How did he know what villains had defiled
His honest bed?—He spurn'd the name of
child:

Keep them he must; but he would coarsely
hide

Their forms, and nip the growth of woman's
pride;

He would consume their flesh, abridge their
food,

And kill the mother-vices in their blood.

Years have rolled on when Sir Owen
visits him to ascertain if his revenge
has been ample, sweet, and lasting.
He praises the delight of revelling on the
miseries of those who have wronged us;
and Ellis relates the close of his ven-
geance in the following pathetic and
powerful colloquy:

“Hear me, Sir Owen:—I had sought them
long,

Urged by the pain of ever present wrong,
Yet had not seen; and twice the year came
round—

Years hateful now—ere I my victims found:
But I did find them, in the dungeon's gloom
Of a small garret—a precarious home,
For that depended on the weekly pay,
And they were sorely frighten'd on the day;
But there they linger'd on from week to week,
Haunted by ills of which 'tis hard to speak,
For they are many and vexatious all,
The very smallest—but they none were small.

The roof, unceas'd in patches, gave the snow
Entrance within, and there were heap-below;
I pass'd a narrow region dark and cold,
The strait of stairs to that infectious hold;
And, when I enter'd, misery met my view
In every shape she wears, in every hue,
And the bleak icy blast across the dungeon
flew;

There frown'd the ruin'd walls that once were
white;

There gleam'd the panes that once admitted
light;

There lay unsavoury scraps of wretched food;
And there a measure, void of fuel, stood;
But who shall part by part describe the state
Of these, thus follow'd by relentless fate?

All, too, in winter, when the icy air
Breathed its bleak venom on the guilty pair.

“That man, that Cecil!—he was left, it seems,
Unnamed, unnoticed; farewell to his dreams!
Heirs made by law rejected him of course,
And left him neither refuge nor resource:—
Their father's? No: he was the harlot's son
Who wrong'd them, whom their duty bade
them shun;

And they were duteous all, and he was all
undone.

“Now the lost pair, whom better times had
led

To part disputing, shared their sorrow's bed:
Their bed!—I shudder as I speak—and shared
Scraps to their hunger by the hungry spared.”

“Man! my good Ellis! can you sigh?”—“I
can:

In short, Sir Owen, I must feel as man;

And could you know the miseries they endured,

The poor, uncertain pittance they procured;
When, laid aside the needle and the pen,
Their sickness won the neighbours of their den,

Poor as they are, and they are passing poor,
To lend some aid to those who needed more:
Then, too, an ague with the winter came,
And in this state—that wife I cannot name
Brought forth a famish'd child of suffering and of shame.

"This had you known, and traced them to this scene,

Where all was desolate, defiled, unclean,
A fireless room, and, where a fire had place,
The blast loud howling down the empty space,
You must have felt a part of the distress,
Forgot your wrongs, and made their suffering less!"

"Sought you them, Ellis, from the mean intent
To give them succour?"

"What indeed I meant
At first was vengeance; but I long pursued
The pair, and I at last their misery view'd
In that vile garret, which I cannot paint—
The sight was loathsome, and the smell was faint;

And there that wife,—whom I had loved so well,
And thought so happy, was condemn'd to dwell;

The gay, the grateful wife, whom I was glad
To see in dress beyond our station clad,
And to behold among our neighbours fine,
More than perhaps became a wife of mine;
And now among her neighbours to explore,
And see her poorest of the very poor!—
I would describe it, but I bore a part,
Nor can explain the feelings of the heart;
Yet memory since has aided me to trace
The horrid features of that dismal place.

There she reclined unmoved, her bosom bare
To her companion's unimpassion'd stare,
And my wild wonder—Seal of virtue! chaste
As lovely once! O! how wert thou disgraced!
Upon that breast, by sordid rags defiled,
Lay the wan features of a famish'd child;—
That sin-born babe in utter misery laid,
Too feebly wretched even to cry for aid;
The ragged sheeting, o'er her person drawn,
Served for the dress that hunger placed in pawn.

"At the bed's feet the man reclined his frame:

Their chairs were perish'd to support the flame

That warm'd his agued limbs; and, sad to see,
That shook him fiercely as he gazed on me.

"I was confused in this unhappy view:
My wife! my friend! I could not think it true;

My children's mother,—my Alicia,—laid
On such a bed! so wretched,—so afraid!
And her gay, young seducer, in the guise
Of all we dread, abjure, defy, despise,
And all the fear and terror in his look,
Still more my mind to its foundation shook.

"At last he spoke:—'Long since I would have died,

But could not leave her, though for death I sigh'd,

And tried the poison'd cup, and dropt it as I tried.

"She is a woman, and that famish'd thing
Makes her to life, with all its evils, cling:

Feed her, and let her breathe her last in peace,

And all my sufferings with your promise cease."

"Ghastly he smiled:—I knew not what I felt,
But my heart melted—hearts of flint would melt,

To see their anguish, penury, and shame,
How base, how low, how groveling they became:

I could not speak my purpose, but my eyes
And my expression bade the creature rise.

"Yet, O! that woman's look! my words are vain

Her mix'd and troubled feelings to explain;
True, there was shame and consciousness of fall,

But yet remembrance of my love withal,
And knowledge of that power which she would now recal.

"But still the more that she to memory brought,

The greater anguish in my mind was wrought;
The more she tried to bring the past in view,
She greater horror on the present threw;
So that, for love or pity, terror thrill'd
My blood, and vile and odious thoughts in-still'd.

This war within, these passions in their strife,
If thus protracted, had exhausted life;
But the strong view of these departed years
Caused a full burst of salutary tears,
And as I wept at large, and thought alone,
I felt my reason re-ascend her throne."

"My friend!" Sir Owen answer'd, "what became

Of your just anger?—when you saw their shame,

It was your triumph, and you should have shown

Strength, if not joy—their sufferings were their own."

"Alas, for them! their own in very deed!
And they of mercy had the greater need;
Their own by purchase, for their frailty paid—
And wanted heaven's own justice human aid:
And seeing this, could I beseech my God
For deeper misery, and a heavier rod?"

"But could you help them?"—"Think, Sir Owen, how

I saw them then—methinks I see them now!
She had not food, nor aught a mother needs,
Who for another life and dearer feeds:

I saw her speechless; on her wither'd breast
The wither'd child extended, but not prest,
Who sought, with moving lip and feeble cry,
Vain instinct! for the fount without supply.

Sure it was all a grievous, odious scene,
Where all was dismal, melancholy, mean,
Foul with compell'd neglect, unwholesome,
and unclean;

That arm,—that eye,—the cold, the sunken cheek,—

Spoke all, Sir Owen—fiercely miseries speak!"

The death of the seducer and the seclusion of the guilty wife, "whom never more on earth will he forsake or see," ends Ellis's affecting narration; and need we add that, thus taught, Sir Owen foregoes his purposed revenge.

BUCKINGHAM HOUSE.

(Continued from our last.)

The Duke of Buckingham's letter, in the

midst of which our first extract from Mr. Pyne's history of the Royal Residences left us, thus continues the account of the staircase:—

"The bass-reliefs and all the little squares above are episodical paintings of the same story; and the largeness of the whole had admitted of a sure remedy against any decay of the colors from saltpetre in the wall, by making another of oak laths four inches within it, and so primed over like a picture.

"From a wide landing-place on the stairs-head, a great double door opens into an apartment of the same dimensions with that below, only three feet higher; notwithstanding which it would appear too low, if the higher saloon had not been divided from it. The first room on this floor has within it a closet of original pictures, which yet are not so entertaining as the delightful prospect from the window. Out of the second room a pair of great doors gives entrance into the saloon, which is thirty-five feet high, thirty-six broad, and forty-five long. In the midst of the roof, a round picture by Gentileschi, eighteen feet in diameter, represents the Muses playing in concert to Apollo, lying along on a cloud to hear them. The rest of the room is adorned with paintings relating to arts and sciences; and underneath, divers original pictures hang all in good lights by the help of an upper row of windows.

"To the gardens we go down from the house by seven steps, into a gravel walk that reaches across the garden, with a covered arbour at each end. Another, of thirty feet broad, leads from the front of the house, and lies between two groves of tall lime-trees,* planted upon a carpet of grass: the outsides of these groves are bordered with tubs of bays and orange-trees. At the end of this broad walk you go up to a terrace four hundred paces long, with a large semicircle in the middle, from whence are beheld the Queen's† two parks, and a great part of Surry; then going down a few steps, you walk on the bank of a canal, six hundred yards long, and seventeen broad, with two rows of limes on each side.

"On one side of this terrace, a wall, covered with roses and jessamines, is made low, to admit the view of a meadow full of cattle just beneath (no disagreeable object in the midst of a great city); and at each end is a descent into parterres, with fountains and water-works.‡ From the biggest of these parterres we pass into a little square garden, that has a fountain in the middle, and two green-houses on the sides, with a convenient bathing-apartment, and near a flower-garden. Below all this, a kitchen-garden, filled with the best sorts of fruits, has several walks in it fit for the coldest weather. * * * * *

* These, as represented in an old etching, appear a noble mass of trees.

† Queen Anne.

‡ To supply the fountains on the grounds, a reservoir, over the kitchen in the wing, contained fifty tons of water, which was forced by an engine from the Thames.

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"Under the windows of this closet and green-house, is a little wilderness, full of blackbirds and nightingales."

There was a former mansion upon this spot; for the duke, in moralizing upon man's discontent, says, "I am more often missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I have built in its stead, although a thousand times better in all manner of respects." This was probably a house built in the Gothic style.

It is not easy to conceive, from the present state of the park, what were its rural beauties at this period, for the space before the Horse-Guards and the south side alone were open to the public. The vistas between the trees, like those in Kensington gardens, were covered with grass, the track next the wall of St. James's being the only gravel road. There were many oak-trees of large growth, and groups of fine elms, in the inclosure; although the mall was planted in its present style of formality in the reign of King Charles II.

THE ENTRANCE HALL.

"There are," continues Mr. Pyne, in his interesting description of the present palace, "two interesting prints of this noble entrance, including hall and stair-case, the one from the bottom of the ascent, the other from the first landing, when the ascent is by a double flight of stone steps; the perspective and effect of these prints convey an exact idea of the place.

"The walls of the Hall are ornamented with sixteen pictures, some of which represent views of the magnificent buildings of Rome and Venice, and are to be numbered with the finest specimens of the splendid works of their Venetian painter Canaletti. Indeed, they were painted *con amore* for his first patron, an English gentleman, Mr. Smith, envoy from the court of St. James's, at Venice.

The royal collection, it appears from subsequent parts of this work, is enriched with other pictures, collected by Mr. Smith, who was resident at Venice for more than half a century. He was the patron of men of talent; and the villa which he built on terra firma, a few miles from Venice, was the rendezvous of the cognoscenti and artists who visited that city. The king, we learn also from the work, purchased the library which Mr. Smith had collected; and the choice treasures of literature which it contained, formed the nucleus of his Majesty's library at Buckingham-House. There are three views of apartments belonging to this library, two of which were added by his Majesty. These, together with several other rooms, form one of the finest private libraries in Europe.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

STATE OF CRETE.

The German Journal called *Hesperus*, has published a letter from Crete, or Candia,

from which we take the following passage: "Pale emaciated figures, who call themselves Christians, and observe a rigorous fast for 330 days in the year, servants and slaves of arrogant barbarians, follow a miserable wooden plough, tread grapes, or gather olives, to pay to their masters, and to deliver what is their property. No part of all Turkey is under such oppression as Crete. By innumerable executions within these few years, some degree of tranquillity has been produced; but the safety of the European traveller is the work of the English, who inspire the Barbary States, and consequently all the Mahometans, with terror and dismay. One travels without obstacle, without Janissaries, accompanied by only a native servant, through the whole island; and I have experienced from the Turks more politeness than incivility. The reason of this is, that I wear a hat. A Greek could not venture to do so without hazard of his life. They are strictly forbidden to wear certain colours. If a Greek were to appear abroad in a green dress with a white scarf, 30,000 piasters would scarcely suffice to satisfy the Pacha, the Cadi, the Aga, or the Janissaries, and a hundred others."

"At Therisso they had never seen an European with hat, boots, &c. Old and young flocked together, and the little children ran away crying; the bigger ones hid themselves; the young women looked over the garden walls; the elder ones came up with their distaffs, and the old women saluted me sighing. They produced whatever they had: eggs, bread, wine, young pigeons, and the poor people wanted to give me every thing."

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, JUNE 26.

On Wednesday last, in full Convocation in the Theatre, the Commemoration of the Founders and Benefactors of the University was holden, when the following Honorary Degrees were conferred:—

DOCTORS IN CIVIL LAW.—James Haughton Langston, Esq. of Sarsden House, High Sheriff of the county of Oxford; Count Breunner, Hereditary Grand Chamberlain of the Duchy of Lower Austria, &c.; the Right Hon. Edward Stanley, Lord Stanley; Gen. Sir George Nugent, Bt.; Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, Bt.; Sir William Ousley, Kt. D. C. L. of the University of Dublin; Jesse Watts Russell, Esq. of Ilam Hall, High Sheriff of the county of Stafford; George Dashwood, Esq. of Kirtlington; John Phillips, Esq. of Culham.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Graves Cham-

ney Haughton, Esq. Professor of Hindû Literature, and of the History of Asia, in the East India College at Hailebury; William Debank Sneyd, Esq.; Langham Rokeby, Esq.

The Crewian Oration for the Benefactors to the University, was then spoken in a most animated and eloquent style, by the Rev. John Josias Conybeare, M. A. of Christ Church, and Poetry Professor. Afterwards the different Prize Compositions were recited by the gentlemen to whom they were adjudged, viz.

THE CHANCELLOR'S THREE PRIZES.—**ENGLISH ESSAY.**—The Characteristic differences of Greek and Latin Poetry—Samuel Rickards, B. A. Fellow of Oriel College.

LATIN ESSAY.—*Quendam fuerint præcipue in Causa, quod Roma de Carthagine triumphavit?*—Alexander Macdonnell, B. A. Student of Christ Church.

LATIN VERSES.—*Syracusæ.*—The Hon. Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley, Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church.

SIR ROGER NEWDIGATE'S PRIZE.—**ENGLISH VERSE.**—The Iphigenia of Timanthes—Henry John Urquhart, Fellow of New College.

On Monday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Right Reverend William Skinner, Wadham College, and Bishop of Aberdeen, in Scotland; Rev. George Furlong Wise, Exeter College, grand compounder.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—John Swire, University College, grand compounder; Robert Watt, Exeter College.

On Friday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

BACHELORS IN DIVINITY.—Rev. Wm. Ashmead Pruen, Worcester College; Rev. John Lightfoot, Fellow of Merton College; Rev. Charles Rose, Fellow of Lincoln; Rev. Edward Cardwell, Fellow of Brasenose College.

BACHELOR OF MEDICINE.—Sherlock Willis, Magdalen College, with a licence to practise.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Right Hon. George John, Earl De La Warr, Brasenose College, grand compounder; Henry Bosanquet, Esq. Corpus Christi College, grand compounder; Rev. Wm. Gillbee, Worcester College; John Campbell Fisher, Corpus Christi College; Rev. Wm. Wills, Wadham College; Rev. John East, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. John Worrall Grove, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. Wm. Henry Havergal, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. Joseph Cross, Mag-

dalen Hall; Richard Palmer, Student of Christ Church; Rev. John Blackmore, Fellow of Exeter College; Rev. John West, Exeter College; Rev. Wm. Moore, Scholar of Pembroke College; Thomas Hall Plummer, Esq. Balliol College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Thomas Penruddocke Michell, Merton College; Edward Woodyatt, Brasenose College; George Chard, Trinity College; Geo. Hawker, Exeter College.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 25.

The annual prizes of fifteen guineas each, given by the Representatives in Parliament of this University, to two Senior and two Middle Bachelors of Arts, who shall compose the best dissertations in Latin prose, were yesterday adjudged as follows:—

SENIOR BACHELORS.—Subject, Quænam fuerit Oraculorum vera indoles ac natura? Charles John Heathcote, of Trinity College.—No second prize adjudged.

MIDDLE BACHELORS.—Subject, Inter veterum philosophorum sectas, cuinam potissimum tribuenda sit laus vere sapientiæ. Thomas Flower Ellis, of Trinity College.—No second prize adjudged.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROME, May.—I can now give you an agreeable piece of literary intelligence:—It is the appearance of Nibby's work, *Viaggio Antiquario ne contorni di Roma*, 2 vols. with 42 plates. The first volume begins with Veji, and thence to Fidenæ, Tivoli, Gabii, and concludes with Palestrino. The second volume treats on Frascati, Alba Longa, Albano, Arceia, Nemi, Civita Lavinia, Cori, Ostia, and Porto d'Anzo. The plates contain pretty accurate views, maps, and ground plans. The whole way from Rome is described, the history of every place related, and a short account of all the new matters worth seeing closes the detail. I regret that the Western and North-Western environs of the eternal city, are not mentioned. Though they do not indeed contain so many monuments as Sabino and Sazio, yet many interesting things are to be found there. The barbarous practice of burning old marble into lime, is severely censured, and in general the book is written with great freedom for Rome. The style is clear, the tone modest, and many new discoveries are mentioned without ostentation. The most attractive part is the description of the newly-discovered Veji, and the excavations in the old Tusculum. The architecture of the ancient towns of this neighbourhood, in which the form of a cheese was given to hills by digging or cutting away, is rendered more clear by descriptions and copper-plates. It is probable that the capitoline and palatine hill were fortified in a similar manner. It would have been well that places where important statues have been found, had been carefully pointed out.

There will shortly be published by the

same author, an essay (against Fea) on the Temple of Peace, which Nibby takes for the Basilica Constantini.

The sculptor, K. Schadow, from Berlin, who is soon going home with his brother, the painter, but will return again, has now finished his groupe of Achilles and Penthesilea in plaster. Achilles is perhaps in too violent an attitude, something like that of the Colossus on Monte Cavallo; but the Amazon just expired, is a most beautiful figure. I hope that, on the return of the artist, it will be executed in marble.

The landscape and marine painter, Kebbel, has been called to Naples, where he is to paint several views, which have particularly interested the Emperor and Empress of Austria. Mr. Huber has received many commissions from Prince Metternich.

FRENCH ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

At the meeting of this society on the 25th ult. several distinguished literary gentleman read essays on various subjects, which were listened to with the deepest interest. Some necrological notices by M. Vanier; reflections by M. Ponce an engraver, on the historical costume in sculpture; observations by M. Lescallier on the cause of great droughts; and an eulogy on the Prince de Condé, by MM. Bexon and Beaufort d'Hautpoul, were also most favorably received. Two well-written poems by M. Vermant-Mariton, read by the author, and two fables by M. Lebailli, read by M. Beraud, made an agreeable diversion from the scientific dissertations.

The sitting closed with a distribution of prizes. M. Bebian, professor of the School for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, received the first prize, for the best eulogy on the Abbé de l'Épée; and it was gratifying to see the prize awarded by the Abbé Sicard. Honorable mention was made of M. Pazot, who is already known as the author of several esteemed productions.

Several prizes were proposed by the Society for the year 1820. One on the following questions: "What is the state of philosophy in France, and what has been the influence of philosophy on the arts and sciences?" The subject of another is to determine the particular character of the literary productions of the seventeenth century, and that of the literary productions of the eighteenth, "pointing out the difference between them." The prizes are each to consist of a gold medal of the value of 400 francs.

Two silver medals (one worth 60 and the other worth 40 francs) are to be presented to the authors of the two essays next in merit to those of the successful candidates.

THE FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

The prolongation of the period during which the Exhibition had hitherto been annually open, seems to us to have been due to the augmented interest which the public evidently feel in the state of our National Arts. Like other benefits, how-

ever, it has, we fear, been attended with inconveniences, which might have been avoided, had the authorities, with whom the alteration lay, intimated to Exhibitors, that their pictures would be retained nine weeks instead of six. In that case provincial artists, and those whose works were sold to parties to whom they should have been delivered at a fixed period, would have acted accordingly. The former might have been saved from a delay in town, and the latter from disappointing their employers. The custom of nine weeks once established, there will in future be nothing of this kind to place as a drawback upon the increase of pleasure thus afforded. We have still a few subjects to notice.

No. 251. A Scene on the River Stour. *J. Constable.* This choice falls happily on the picturesque, and the river scene is clothed, like the pictures of Ruysdael and Hobbima, with a rich variety of forms, on which the artist has displayed his usual skill in the truth and character of the detail. This picture is one of the largest we remember to have seen from his pencil, and would, we think, have appeared to more advantage, had it not been placed so near the eye.

No. 240. The Duke of Sussex as Grand Master of Masons, painted for the Bristol Lodge. *W. Hobday.* This is a flaming portrait, covered with masonic emblems. We fear there is more of the mason's craft than of the artist's skill in it.

No. 293. Scene from King John, with portraits. *M. Sharp.* Though not the best of Mr. Sharp's productions, this picture has been shamefully placed upon the floor of the School of Painting, where it cannot be seen by the cursory visitor at all, and by the critical examiner but very imperfectly. The scene is that of Lady Constance's curse.

Arm, arm, ye heavens, against these perjured kings.—

Miss O'Neill is the wretched widow, and looks cold and unimpassioned—is she really so, and without that genuine feeling which has been thought (perhaps erroneously) to be the only true source of dramatic excellence. Among the Portraits, Murray, C. Kemble, Abbott, and one or two others, struck us forcibly. Conway's does not seem a good likeness, though it occupies a prominent part in the picture.

No. 399. The Reaper's Repast. *W. F. Witherington.* A pleasing and familiar subject, executed in a pleasing style; possessed of considerable lightness of handling and brilliancy of colour, and painted with care and fidelity. There is no contrast to force the chief objects into notice, and the whole bears the character of taste and judgment. Yet we confess that we never in our lives saw a field of standing corn, or one partially cut, look natural upon canvas.

No. 402. A favorite Spaniel. *R. R. Reinagle. A.* If this is not a favorite dog, there is a great deal of beautiful painting to little purpose: for in point of clearness and fine pencilling, we have rarely witnessed anything so perfect.

We may observe here that there are an immense number of Animal Portraits in this year's Exhibition; many of them admirably executed, though our limits forbid our particularizing them.

No. 404. Portrait of a Lady in the style of Ruben's Chapeau de Paille. *By the same.* Is also a clever and spirited work, with a light and good effect.

No. 405. Children of A. Saville, Esq. *J. J. Masquerier.* Some well-grouped portraits, with a noble Newfoundland dog to connect them.

No. 433. Christ's Manifestation of himself, ("in yellow ochre," is omitted in the catalogue.) *H. Sass.* Mr. Sass does not seem to have improved by his journey into Italy. The conception is good, but the execution wretched.

No. 453. Calandrino, a Florentine Painter, thinking he has the Elitropia, (a black stone,) and thereby become invisible, is pelted home by his companions, Bruno and Buffalmacco. *H. F. Briggs.* This whimsical story from the Decameron is treated with appropriate humour; and though we need the text to explain the meaning of the subject, it is, when known, felt to be so truly depicted that it is impossible not to sympathise with the mirth it represents. It is besides well painted, the costume extremely picturesque, and the expression throughout happily ludicrous. The figures seem short, and the perspective has not been much studied.

No. 460. Portrait of B. Leman, Esq. Mayor of Norwich, &c. *J. Clover.* An exceedingly clever picture. Rich in the choice and coloring of its accessories, it exhibits an excellent specimen of the artist's talents. The only part that strikes us as not entirely in harmony, is the red on the shoulder, which part of the dress is too decided in its tone.

No. 465. Portrait of Mrs. Siddons. *T. Barber.* Takes an interest not only from the person of the sitter, but also from the manner in which it is treated. The style is broad and simple, and the colour well suited to the subject.

No. 640. Portraits of a Woodcutter and his daughter, on the estate of the Earl of Aylesford. *S. Drummond. A.* We select this from the works of Mr. Drummond as a fair example of the picturesque combined with individuality. The two figures exhibit a good contrast of rustic strength and beauty. The latter, that of the female, is touched with truth and simplicity of style, which greatly recommend it to our favourable notice. The composition is also pleasing, though the back ground is, in some parts, too artificial.

In looking round the room, the Antique Academy, in which this picture hangs, among upwards of five hundred and twenty other Numbers, we find it impossible to attempt particulars.

The Artists who are so fortunate as to be well placed, or whose names are familiar from the excellence of their works, such as *Hill, Edridge, A. E. Chalon, Hayter, Landale, A. Pelletier, Lewis, W. H. Watts,*

W. Brockedon, A. Robertson, and many others, will stand in no need of being pointed out; while among the less fortunate in situation, though equally distinguished for merit, we cannot omit to mention the drawings of *W. De la Motte*, No. 602, 617, 635, and 649. There will be found in these views a spirit and originality, united with the best qualities of art; and even without the aid of color, they convey the most perfect idea of the locality of nature.

C. Carboneir. The drawings of this artist are of a very singular character: from the style of their execution it is hardly possible to distinguish them from the highest finished mezzotint engravings; but we think that, from want of breadth, he has bestowed some of his labour in vain.

The Crayon Portraits of *R. G. Coslett* are full of spirit and character.

In the LIBRARY, we have yet to mention the beautiful medallion portraits by *P. Roux*, and 'Pains and Penalties,' a droll picture, by *W. M. Craig.*

In works of Sculpture, it cannot be expected that our advance can be equally rapid as it has been in painting. The movements, from the nature of the materials, must be comparatively slow; yet enough has been done antecedent to our possessing our present advantages, to rescue the national taste in this department of art, if other evidence were not before us. The works of the ill-fated Proctor would show what might have been effected in his own particular instance. The model of his 'Ixion on the Wheel' was regarded, at the time of its exhibition, as wanting nothing but the name of the Antique, to rank it with glory and immortality. He afterwards exhibited 'Diomedes devoured by his Horses,' which, for want of room to deposit it, was broken to pieces previous to its removal from the Academy.

There is no danger of such a doom awaiting any modern work of merit;—and we have yet to reap the fruits of the Elgin Marbles. We have already noticed Mr. *Chantrey's* fine statue of Dr. Anderson, in the Model Academy of the present season. The same artist has some excellent busts, among which are distinguished 1215, *W. Manning, Esq.*; 1216, *Earl Spencer*; 1220, the *Rt. Hon. George Canning*; and 1222, *Sir Benjamin Hobhouse*. No. 1179, a Peasant Girl, part of a monument to Lord Penrhyn, by *R. Westmacott, R. A.* is a charming figure, and does honor to the sculptor. We think the wrists and ankles thick, especially when viewed from the sides. A Welch peasant need not be a sylph, but on the other hand the approach to clumsiness should be earnestly avoided. 1180, *Hercules throwing Lychas into the Sea*, by *E. H. Baily, A.* is a bold and spirited group; and 1182, *Model for a Statue of a Cricketer*, *H. Rossi*, a peculiarly English and admirable little work. The attitude is fine, and the form and position apt for sculpture; and we should rejoice to see the art applied more frequently to modern and original subjects. What, for example, could afford finer models than

skating? 1187, *Adam and Eve*, *I. Kendrick*, is a sweet composition. 1196, *Achilles attacked by the Waves of the Scamander*, *J. Heffernan*, is a sort of caricature on a timid bather—no art could represent this aqueous assault. 1206, is a good bust of the Bishop of Norwich, by *P. Turnerelli*; and some beautiful monumental pieces in *alto relievo*, by *J. Flaxman, R. A.* must finish our specifications.

We now take leave of the Exhibition. Our remarks will, if they carry any weight with them, have shown that there is much to admire in the present state of the British school; but still in this respect we have spoken with reference to the opinion on which we set out, namely, that in the higher branches of art there is a marked deficiency; and, upon the whole, a mass of mediocrity and inferiority fully commensurate to the excellence which appears.

BRITISH INSTITUTION—ILLUMINATED VIEW.

On Monday closed a succession of Views of this resplendent gallery, which had been weekly opened on that evening to visitors admitted by tickets from the directors. The company has of course been rather select; a matter of some difficulty in this great metropolis, where the different ranks of life intertwine so closely, that separation is impossible. The effect of the brilliant light upon some of the pictures was magical, but on others, whose excellence consists in delicacy of colour, or fineness of pencilling, it failed to produce the same impression as is done by the open day. Wherever there was great breadth of execution, we were charmed; the Rembrandts were peculiarly vivid. Velasquez' boar-hunt, contrary to our expectation, was fine; the Vandyke's also beautiful; the Guido's and Morale's stood the test, and some of the Claude's (for example, the enchanted castle, and the castle of St. Angelo), were indeed exquisite. We ought not to omit Lord Garvagh's Raphael, the colouring of which was of the purest glow under the gas lamps, nor the Teniers, by whom Mr. Long's Misers displayed wonderful force. It ought to be noticed, that the lighting is performed by *Gas*, which is widely different from candle-light. The latter appears to us to send forth an infinitely greater number of red rays; and the former to be so nearly grey as to resemble in that respect the light of day. But still it produces very different effects, and we should be glad to see any philosophical Artist set himself to the investigation of the subject, which is of infinite importance to painting.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PICTURES.

Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque, Quæ nunc sunt in honore.

We have spoken in succession (though briefly) of nearly all the best pictures in the gallery: and will now make some general observations, upon the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns. Our

remarks on the moderns have been sparing; because they were criticised in another part of the journal, and we wished to avoid repetition and prolixity. We thought also, that since old pictures have been considered as standards, by comparison with which the merits of all modern works are to be decided; it was necessary in the first place, properly to adjust the claims of these alleged models, in the same manner as we should endeavour to make correct any other standard of comparison. The ancients have had the merit (and the advantage too) of leading the way; and, in large compositions, it is not probable that they will ever be exceeded: partly from their having so nearly attained perfection, partly from change of circumstances, to which we have already adverted in a former paper. Michael Angelo showed us how the heroic character might be adequately represented; and by appropriately exaggerating some parts, and generalising others, gave superhuman grandeur to the human form. But his style can be safely attempted, by those of kindred powers alone: in weaker hands it only produces affectation or constraint. From these grand designs, Raphael caught his inspiration, and with the discrimination accompanying genius, simplified or diversified his manner, to fill every character and accomplish every purpose of his art. Though Raphael died young, he completed his idea of design and handling: a man like him would not remain stationary; but the only part of his pictures capable of improvement is the inferior department of colouring and effect. Had he lived to paint more pictures, it is not probable they would have exceeded the Transfiguration in the grand requisites of the art. It would take up too much space, and is not necessary, to enumerate his successors: suffice it to say, that though some of them carried the minor beauties of the art to greater perfection than he did, yet no one man has united in himself to so great a degree, all the higher qualifications of a painter. In this dignified class of art, West has enriched our country with numberless admirable pictures; many of which would bear to be compared with those of any age. And numerous younger men are following his footsteps, and keep alive the fire, ready to burst forth whenever the public shall fan it into flame. In smaller pictures and less extensive compositions we remember with exultation the works of Thompson, Stothard, Howard, Westall, Hilton, Alston, and some others. In many of these pictures the English are advantageously distinguished (not only from other modern painters but also from the ancients) by juster conception of the story and greater purity of taste. They likewise bestow most diligence upon what is the real interest of the picture, and do not divert the attention from the point, by any trifling detail of parts. In Landscape painting England has produced during the last twenty years pictures of higher merit and in greater number than any other country has furnished in so short a period of time. In

Turner too, we have a painter who has not only represented ordinary scenes and common appearances, with greater brilliancy and effect than former painters, but who has extended the bounds of the art; who has shewn the possibility of picturing appearances which his predecessors despaired of attempting. Sunshine and Mist, Storm and Calm, Mountain and Plain, Forest and Desert, Turner represents them all with perfect truth and unprecedented splendor. In addition to Turner, we have probably twenty Landscape painters, each of whom might be compared advantageously with any ancient but Claude; and some of them would not suffer even from this test. The English also have brought to perfection the art of painting in water colours: and shewn that they are capable of representing every object of nature with as much truth as oil colours,—some objects with still greater truth. In scenes from humble life the English shew themselves to equal advantage. The Dutch cared not for the subject, and often seem to give a preference to filth. But out countrymen always represent some amusing incident, and describe it without grossness. The best of them are universally intelligible, and combine the merits of Jan Steen, Teniers and Ostade.

Seeing then that our own painters can furnish meritorious examples in every department of the art, let the praiseworthy example of Sir John Leicester and Mr. Fawkes be more generally followed. The picture dealers have too long monopolized patronage: it is their interest to decry the moderns. Let collectors judge for themselves: and let not a picture be praised for what it has been, but what it appears.

T. C.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON, OR SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. XXII.
LONDON WHEN DESERTED.

"Never less alone than when alone," has long been my motto. Let me wander where I will, provided it be in dear London, I can draw plenty of amusement from the scene.

In the summer time (for our fashionables, not content with turning night into day, also turn summer into winter, by sojourning in town through the months of May and June in heat and dust, and by going for *bon ton's* sake to the country to pass the dead of the winter, often embarrassed by severe weather, and forced to a non-intercourse with their neighbours)—in the summer time, I repeat, when carriages are rattling about, and when Hyde Park exhibits all the gas of fashion, any one can find entertainment.

In September and October, however, when our quality are at their country seats, when their *umbra* or shades, their copyists or *fac-similes* are at watering places, when our beaux and belles who have been ruined by the spring campaign have

run over to France, and when our Greeks are travelling to Aix la Chapelle, to Brussels, to Paris, &c. on voyages of discovery, and in flights after the half-plucked pigeons, or those who, being only winged, have fled to a more genial clime for the recovery of their plumage—then, London is, comparatively speaking, a deserted village,—then the dun goes about, dunner and dingier than ever, and looks as if he had a green and yellow melancholy,—the tradesman takes his pleasure in the environs of the town, drives his tilbury, sports his trim hack, makes his display at the minor theatres, and often, like Monsieur Calicot in the French play, with Cossacks or dowls trowsers, fixed spurs, and blue great coats, spouts his *mauvais ton*, in the hopes of being taken by a high-dressed Cyprian for a gay Hussar on King's duty, riding or driving in from Hounslow, or some other barracks in the neighbourhood of London,—whilst the mortar-pounder of an apothecary's apprentice proudly calls himself one of the Lancers, and plays off the airs of a profession far less destructive than his own.

In such a dead season, as it is called, I can still cull materials for pastime and for reflection, and am decidedly of the late Duke of Queensberry's opinion, who, when asked if he did not find the town very dull about the close of summer, replied, "Yes, indeed, but not so dull as the country."

London presents two distinct pictures, which an Italian poet or artist might call *Londra trionfante e Londra abbandonata*. But even in her last character, she has charms for me! I frequently saunter through the neglected squares, contemplating hospitable houses, which were kept almost constantly open in the gay season, but which are now closely shut up,—ladies' residences where the loves and the graces made their haunts complete temples of heathen divinities, but where no devotions but those paid to Venus were ever known,—rich bankers' residences, where old Ten-per-cent. still pays the weekly visit, but which used to teem with Quality selling their time to the worship of unrighteousness, and bartering their consequence, and sometimes their titles, for money. That, thinks I to myself, viewing a nabob's empty house—that is the temple of mammon again. There did the needy and the interested bow down before the golden calf. Then I view the fly traps and pigeon holes, the clubs and hells where so many of my friends have been plucked, shorn, and fleeced,—and I make my reflections on all these.

Apropos, standing one day in St. James's Square, and ruminating on the bad taste of its centre, I saw an ill-dressed big Irishman looking vacantly about him, with his mouth open and his hands behind him, as if he had just come to Town. At length, fixing his eye on a house belonging to a certain noble Lord, which was shut up, he exclaimed, "By my conscience there's a house like its master, full of emptiness." His ob-

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servation led my eye naturally and unfortunately, first to the vacant dwelling and next to the wit. He soon walked off, and left my coat pocket like his Lordship's house, by the loss of a silk handkerchief and a silver snuff-box.—“Well, n'importe,” said I; “I have got two or three other boxes; and it serves me right for my curiosity.” Moreover this is a trick worthy of the month of August; a very lively affair for the dead season. Thus does every period present its variety,—every day bring with it some occurrence to mature our reason, or to augment our store of knowledge.

Again it is amusing to see in Grosvenor and Berkeley Squares, the almost square porters of our nobility, who, seated at the open door with a newspaper in their hand, settle in their own minds, the affairs not only of the nation, but of the continent, and make as light of crowned heads, as if they were not worth half a crown per dozen. It is pleasant too to think of the resident housekeeper or footman and his wife, who, with a double key to master's cellar, have their ‘at homes’ and their ‘conversations,’ their routes and balls, (both at the same time), their *dejeunés à la fourchette*, and their ministerial and anti-ministerial dinners, where the characters of the noble and of the votaries of fashion, are exposed, discussed, and dissected in high style. One may also observe sly couples who, fulfilling assignments at the houses of our non-resident grandees, entering with a gold or silver key, and making these mansions of elegance mere houses of convenience. Sometimes the female servant is handsome herself; but more generally she is obliging, and Sir John and Lady Mary, the colonel and the straw bonnet maker, or the governess, come to town on particular business, who meets my Lord, are the parties obliged.

St. James's park too is, in the very dull season, a constant living panorama. There do our gallant half-pay officers, mostly from north or west Britain, pass the long hours, counting sometimes their battles to an admiring beauty, or to a male visitor from the country, and counting at the same time on a dinner, which is literally often “counting without their host.” You will see these worthy, but hard-set gentlemen laying their plans, either to look at lodgings where the handsomest serving women are kept, or to circulate some rich widow, to find favor in their landlady's eyes, or to inflame the bosom of their washerwoman. These gentlemen's conversations are ever entertaining, and I never leave them without good wishes and regret.

Lastly, it is ridiculous to watch the tricks and lures of sharpers and of hard-pitched Paphians. “Is this the Green Park?” will cry a youth from Shamrock-shire, as he sits down beside you in the Mall, and will enter into a detail of his whole history, enlarging on his father's having five hundred a year and a park, and that he's come to town for an inheritance or a law-suit,—when, at the same time, you know the fellow's face at every police office in town. A die-away nymph next accosts you,

“Which is her way to the city,” where she has a rich uncle? (probably with a flying sign)—she never was in London before, hates it, is quite frightened at times in the streets,—how kind it would be to offer an arm, or the like! A greenhorn would do so; but a town-man may recollect her figure passing every day from some obscure street leading out of Oxford Street, down Bond Street, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Charing Cross, up again by the Haymarket, and occasionally to the Strand.

These, with the discrimination of rich faces and poor faces, city faces and money-hunting quality countenances, brushing hastily through the town, either to the money market or to the inns of court, would amuse an observing person from sun-rise to sun-set. Volumes might be written on the subject. I therefore leave the reader to decide whether London be a dead letter at any period of the year. It is never so to

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE DRAMA.

Our dramatic strictures may, at this season of the year, be safely confined within a small compass. With the exception of Mr. Young's Cardinal Wolsey there has been nothing striking at Covent-Garden, and the Drury-Lane emigrants have done little but repeat those plays in which they were before successful. They have but another week to perform, when there will be (unless the Haymarket Company be well constituted) no further opportunity of seeing to advantage the best played Comedies we have witnessed for a long time.

At the English Opera-House a new musical Comedy called *MY OWN RIVAL* has been produced with approbation: It consists of the coquetting of Miss Kelly with Mr. Wrench, who, having been in love with her before in a lower station, is teased by her in a higher, aided by disguise; and by interchanging the different characters she almost distracts her lover. There is a good deal of spirit in this piece, and the equivocal is well kept up by the admirable actress on whose shoulders the burthen is placed. The revived *Jovial Crew* is also successfully performed at this Theatre.

VARIETIES.

The Stuart Papers.—The following gentlemen have been appointed Commissioners for investigating the Papers bequeathed to the Prince Regent by the late Cardinal York. One of the state rooms at St. James's Palace has been fitted up for their reception:—Mr. Croker, Sir James Macintosh, Mr. W. Wynne, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Pollen, Mr. Heber. They have commenced their labours.

A little volume has lately appeared in Paris, entitled *Londres Pittoresque*, on which a French Critic makes the following humorous remarks:—

“If the English complain of this publication, they must indeed be hard to

please. The author is transported with every thing he has seen in London. He is enthusiastic in his admiration of the public buildings, monuments, stage-coaches, theatres, churches, and even prisons: with the architecture of the latter he declares himself enchanted. *Londres Pittoresque* is, in short, a complete portable *Cicerone* for Frenchmen visiting London. It directs them how to get *cheap lodgings*, and *cheap dinners*, a task which foreigners in the English capital have hitherto found rather difficult. The author observes that to procure a good dinner in England, with strict attention to economy, one must eat neither poultry, game, nor any kind of delicate vegetables, such as peas, asparagus, &c., above all, never think of tasting wine. To Frenchmen this good cheer resembles the prescription of Boileau's Physician: *No wine, liqueurs or coffee, cards, visiting or Theatres; but in other respects you may amuse yourself!*”

Messrs. Gérard, Calderari, Petitot, jun. and Romagnesi are the sculptors appointed to execute the four trophies for the bridge of Louis XVI. at Paris.

TO OUR READERS.

We trust our friends and the public will extend indulgence to any defects that may appear in this No. of the Literary Gazette, as the calamitous fire which on Saturday consumed Messrs. Bensley's Printing Office, destroyed, together with a considerable quantity of our past labours, some portion of those which should have formed parts of future publications, and we were compelled to begin almost anew with the various literature of which this miscellany consists. Perhaps there may be a deficiency in some of its features, but having completed our business arrangements, we venture to promise that our subsequent sheets shall entirely resemble those which have been so largely honoured with approbation and encouragement. The Literary Gazette has now attained a rank in English periodical literature from which nothing but our negligence can depose it, and having added above ONE THOUSAND to its circulation since we last addressed the public, we think it scarcely necessary to be lavish in promises, since we have thus every inducement rather to spur us on than to relax in our exertions.

Volumes, Parts, and Nos. from the beginning are to be had at Mr. Colburn's, and at the Literary Gazette Office, Messrs. Pincknock and Maunders, 268, Strand.

Our Advertising friends whose notices were postponed and are still omitted in this No., will be so good as take it as an intimation that the *Mss.* were lost in the flames. Some Correspondence has also been burnt.

T. C. will accept our thanks: we shall always be glad to hear from him.

ERRATUM.—In the notice of the close of the Water-Colour Exhibition in our last, for 1819, read 1820.

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 A. R. A.

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